

THE POST.

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AT LEBANON, KY.,
BY W. W. JACK.

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Post's Corner.



Good News from Home.

Good news from home, good news for me,
Has come across the deep blue sea,
From friends that I have left in tears,
From friends that I've not seen for years;
And since we parted, long ago,
My life has been a scene of woe;
But now a joyful hour has come,
For I have heard good news from home.

No father's near to guide me now,
No mother's tear to soothe my brow,
No sister's voice to cheer my ear,
No brother's voice to give me cheer;
But though I wander far away,
My heart is full of joy to-day,
My friends across the ocean foam
Have sent me good news from home.

When shall I see that cottage door,
Where I've spent years of joy before?
Twas then I knew no grief or care—
My heart was always happy there—
Though I may never see it more,
Or stand upon my native shore;
Where'er on earth I'm doomed to roam,
My heart will always cling to home.

Select Sales.

From the Message Bird.

The Sensitive Lover.

BY VIOLA.

Ada Sanford was a noble girl with fine impulses, and a heart which the world had not yet seared with its false teaching or empty hollows. Joyous as the free air she breathed, for she was the daughter of a retired merchant, whose home was in the country, her spirits unchecked by the restraints of fashion and the follies of city life, she was a charming companion to young and old, and made sunshine wherever she went. Smiles welcomed her coming, and tears vanished at her approach. She was beloved by all who knew her.

Ada was an heiress, and, of course, had plenty of admirers among the other sex; but as yet, no gentleman had crossed her path whose admiration she could reciprocate, and her heart was still as free as the bright sunshine that kissed every fair flower, and her spirit unburdened by care or sorrow.

But Ada was a little eccentric; at least she was so called by some of her acquaintances, though we doubt if that is the proper word to express the type of character to which it was applied in her case. She had some independent notions, and some peculiar views not exactly in accordance with the hum-drum, lack-a-daisical opinions and manners of the silly world of fashion; and hence she was deemed to be odd by those who lacked soul enough to appreciate anything above a fine dress or a dull party.

Ada one day received a letter from an aunt who resided at a distance, earnestly pressing her to accept an invitation long before extended, to visit and spend some weeks with her. She wrote:

"I am particularly anxious for you to come now, that I may have the pleasure of introducing you to a very amiable young gentleman, who is spending the summer in our neighborhood. Come, Ada dear, don't disappoint me this time, and I will forget the past."

"A young gentleman, indeed!" said Ada. "I wonder if my dear, good aunt thinks a young girl like myself has nothing better to do than think of 'amiable representatives of the other sex' which, I take it, means that they are well dressed and fashionable—and looking out for a fortune."

But Ada entirely mistook her aunt's meaning of the term amiable—she was not a woman of the world, and was as independent and self-reliant as her niece.

Ada at first thought of disregarding her aunt's wishes solely on account of the said young man; but on second thought concluded that it would be foolish to let so trifling a consideration influence her determination, and as she felt that it was really unkind to defer the visit to her aunt, so often postponed before, her final decision was to go. And she went without delay.

On her hasty arrival, the first request she made of her aunt, who did not yet expect her, was, that she should introduce her into society under the impression that she was rather the subject of her bounty than the daughter of her wealthy brother. On no other condition would she consent to remain with her more than a few days, and so the aunt promised to humor her in the whim, as she termed it, and Ada prepared to act her part, having made up her wardrobe in view of carrying out this fancy before leaving home.

Under this assumed guise, adopted for a purpose, she was introduced to the 'amiable young gentleman' spoken of by her aunt, whom she found to be truly intelligent and talented, but not blessed with overmuch of this world's goods.

From the first moment of their acquaintance, Ada was attracted towards the young man, and the more she knew of him the more interested she became. He was not what might be termed handsome, and

Ada was glad of it, for she had always looked upon pretty men as pets; but there was a look of nobility stamped on every feature, and an expression on his countenance far more fascinating than mere personal beauty. And then his voice was soft and musical, but capable of the most varied modulations, while his eye was really witching in its expression, now sparkling with animation, and anon kindling with enthusiasm, while the color rose and fell over brow and cheek with every emotion of the soul.

To see Herbert Melville was to remember him; and so Ada found it.

It was not long until she began to be anxious for his coming; and company; and she never tired of listening to his fine voice as he read or discoursed in his own peculiar way. Passages from the poets were clothed in new beauty as they fell from his lips; and none could read an author to so good advantage as he. Everything that passed through her hands came back polished and beautified. Need we wonder that a girl like Ada should be attracted towards him?

But we do not intend to enter into a long story of flirtations and courtships, hopes, doubts and fears; let others write such stories if they choose. We have only to say that Herbert and Ada loved each other before they had any suspicion of the fact, and that when they finally found it out, like sensible persons as they were, they came to an understanding in reference to their feelings, and pledged their faith on condition that the friends of both parties should assent to their union, but rather than incur the displeasure of those who had rights over them, they would abide their time, and still be faithful to each other. They neither of them believed in elopements.

Ada's visit at length, drew to a close, and her parents wrote that they were anxious to see her once more, and have the sunshine of her presence in the house.

Herbert consented to accompany her home.

Never had a journey been so delightful to Ada. Herbert's fine perceptions clothed all things in the most poetic garb, and gave even to common objects a charm unseen before.

All the way home Ada was thinking with delight of the pleasant surprise that awaited her lover at the end of the journey; for, he it understood, she had all this time represented herself as the poor niece of her aunt.

"I hope," said she to her companion, "that you will not be too grievously disappointed in my home, though you may not be prepared to see it as it is."

"Indeed, you need not fear on that score, love; I have not esteemed you for the qualities of person or the character of the home you possess, but for the higher attributes of virtue and truthfulness which adorn your mind. It matters not how lowly may be your home—where love is, there is the heart's heaven. I can be happy with you in a cottage, be it ever so humble, if only you can enjoy it with me. But if you prefer to wait until I can acquire a home of more imposing appearance and greater comfort, be it so. Nothing will delight me so much as to work with these hands and the powers that God has given me, to rear us a dwelling such as my heart would delight to offer you."

Ada smiled, and the smile reached away down in her heart; for oh! it would be so sweet to save her lover from the toil necessary to accomplish that which he proposed.

She had yet to learn that one of the sweetest tasks of love is to do something for the one beloved.

And thus happy in each other and the anticipations before them, the journey was made.

A part of the way they traveled by coach, railroads then not being so numerous as now, and were so fortunate as to be the only occupants of the vehicle much of the time, but the last twenty miles were passed over on the cars. When they reached the station where they alighted, a carriage was in waiting—a very fine one; but Herbert paid little regard to it, supposing it was a public conveyance. When the driver stopped before the elegant mansion which had attracted his attention all the way, he looked at Ada for an explanation; but she declined to reply to his look of inquiry, and the thought, "She surely cannot be a servant," came into his mind, but was at once superseded by the more rational supposition that she was a teacher or governess in that aristocratic habitation.

But little time had he to think. Ada hurried him towards the house, and met her parents on the threshold, who embraced and kissed her most affectionately, to the no small wonder of her companion, who, in the background, stood in bewildered doubt of his own identity, or whether it was a dream or a reality that appeared to be enacted before him.

As soon as the parental greeting was over, Ada introduced her companion, who was received with a hearty welcome by the father and mother.

Herbert acquit himself with his usual grace and ability before her parents, and Ada was proud of him; but there was a shadow on his brow, which sent a thrill of

pain to her heart whenever she beheld it, utterly at a loss to know what produced it. Every hour it grew more settled and outspreading, until she feared he was ill, and the first opportunity that occurred, which was not until evening, and several hours after their arrival, she enquired with much solicitude into its cause. He replied:

"The birth and death of great hopes are in our lives; they are the milestones that mark our progress, and we measure our existence by them. It is always with sadness that we bid farewell to one of them, and leave it behind. Alas! how deep is the pain when it is the dearest hope the heart can possibly cherish, that we are about to bid adieu forever! Little wonder that the brow becomes clouded and the eye dim, for the heart is filled with emotions too deep for utterance!"

"What do you mean?" she asked in alarm.

"That the bright visions which have robbed the future in rainbow beauty for weeks past, have this day been suddenly blotted from existence, leaving me in darkness—almost in despair. Oh, Ada! how could you deceive me so?"

"Herbert, will you explain the cause of this singular agitation, and the gloomy words you have just uttered? Have I done ought to trouble you?"

"I hardly know what to say, Miss Sanford,"—oh, how painfully those cold words fell upon her ear and sank into her heart, causing the tears to spring to her eyes—"whether to accuse or to acquit you.—Doubtless, however, you meant all for the best, but indeed it was cruel to lead me so far to be so shockingly disappointed in the end."

"I do not understand you yet."

"I will be plain, then; for I desire above all things that you should understand me without further delay. It was under the belief that you were without property, like myself, that I sought and won your love. Had I known that you were wealthy, it would have been the farthest from my thoughts to make such an attempt.—But now that the scales have fallen from my eyes, I must bid you farewell!"

"Why," she enquired, and the faintest smile played about the corners of her mouth; for she felt sure she could overcome his scruples.

"Can you not divine the answer to your very appropriate query? How can a sensitive, high-minded man feel himself indebted to a wife for all she possesses and be happy? 'This is my wife's house, this is my wife's carriage, everything here belongs to her, everything that I use or have is hers.' With such reflections as these, how could he be at peace with himself? Never, Ada, never can I place myself in such a position!"

"Oh, unsay those words! You cannot mean what they imply! Think of the desolation of my heart without your presence and love, and the joy they inspire. Can you have the heart to crush and blight all my hopes in life?"

"Spare me, Ada; for the love of heaven, spare me! Had I not enough to endure without this? Have you the wish to drag me down to a position where I shall hate myself?—where the bowed manhood will ever weigh my spirit to the earth? I know you have my pledged word, and my heart also is yours, and you can hold me if you will; for I have never violated a pledge, and never will. But if you love me, spare me this humiliation. I could never look up with conscious pride into the face of man or heaven again, if once reduced to such a condition."

"Then I will go out from this home, and leaving all behind, make my dwelling place with you."

"I have thought of that; but its manifest cruelty to you banished the idea in a moment from my mind. You have never been exposed to the hardships of life, have never known its privations, or been subjected to its toils; and I will not consent to lead you from the flowery path in which you have walked, into the rugged realities of a battling world."

"Surely you do not intend to make us both miserable for life on a pretence which—pardon me—I consider entirely inadequate to justify such a course."

"I have thought if you preferred to wait until I should acquire a competence, I could then offer you my hand and still be independent; but if you prefer to be released from all obligation to me, I will at once and forever grant you full and free absolution from your promise, and henceforth you may look upon me as a stranger or friend, as may best suit your wishes."

"Herbert Melville, do you think I have no heart, no human feelings, that you talk thus coolly about separation forever? Let me now open my heart to you as you have yours, and then, perhaps, we shall be better able to agree. It has been a source of constant joy to me from the first, that I should be able to place you in a position where you could cultivate your talents without the hampering necessity of having to toil for daily bread or future competence. I have enjoyed in anticipation the delight it would afford me to see your genius expand under such favorable auspices, and my heart has swelled with pride as I have beheld in anticipation your conquests! O, next to our love, and intimately associated with it, has been this beautiful, this dear, cherished dream; and now, with one rude sweep of the hand, you banish it all away."

Oh, Herbert, I could weep over the ruin of that blissful anticipation, which you have, like a beautiful air-castle, hurled at my feet in broken fragments. But I will go with you to the end of the world—Your sorrows, shall be my sorrows, your joys my joys; but release you I never will!"

Herbert bowed his head in his hands, and remained motionless for some time, as if in deep thought, then he said:

"Perhaps I am wrong. I ought not to be so selfish. I ought not to destroy the precious hope you have so long cherished, even if I do feel deeply myself. We will compromise. We can be united with the understanding that I am not to touch your property, while you still enjoy its immunities and benefits; and thus, in part, both our wishes can be gratified. I can still retain my independence, as you do your wealth, and we can both be happy."

"I agree, hoping yet for at least a partial realization of my old wishes." And as it was agreed so it was done. They were married. Herbert rose rapidly in his profession, and soon had wealth of his own, while Ada always admired and loved with all a woman's tenderness her noble but sensitive husband.

CALCULATION BY MACHINERY.—The attention of the learned world is now engrossed, says the Independence Belge, by a new invention, which promises to be of universal usefulness. Mr. Thomas, of Colmar, after thirty-six years of hard study and assiduous labor, has at last solved the problem of calculation by mechanism.

His machine, which he has baptised 'Arithmometre,' is applicable to the mechanical solution of all arithmetical operations, from the simplest to the most complicated ones. This instrument solves with infallible correctness, not only the four rules—addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, but also ascertains the powers of quantities, extracts the roots of numbers, resolves triangles, reduces ordinary and decimal fractions, and defines the rules of proportion, etc. Its rapidity of execution is such as to defy the ablest calculators. A multiplication of eight numbers, is executed in eighteen seconds; a division of sixteen cyphers through eight cyphers, in twenty-four seconds. The machinery is so simple that after the expiration of five minutes of instruction, the most ignorant head knows enough at calculation to defy, with its help, all calculators, in rapidity and correctness. The 'Arithmometre' is placed in a small, light box, which can be easily carried in a pocket, and is so constructed that its mechanism can scarcely ever be deranged. It is already in operation in several great commercial houses, the house of Rothschilds, and the Mint of France, and it soon will be as common as letter presses.

GIRL IN RED: OR SHE SERENADE THAT MISSED FIRE.—Cassius M. Clay tells the following: During the late political canvass, Burlingame and himself occupied adjoining rooms at the Bates House, Indianapolis. 'At a late hour one evening,' says he, 'I was in B's room, and both of us were somewhat elated with the popular enthusiasm. We were, as soldiers are wont to do, fighting our battles over again, when a fine band right opposite my room poured over the sea of night floods of soul-stirring music. 'Clay, you are honored,' said B., 'go and acknowledge the compliment.' With due diffidence I excused myself; when, as I had anticipated, the band broke forth anew in strains of heroic melody in front of the room occupied by B. 'I have you now,' said I, 'now give 'em a sentiment.' 'No, you,' said B. 'Well,' said I, 'both together,' so locking arms, with an air of intense dignity, we walked out upon the balcony, and in a fluttering voice I commenced: Indiana, Massachusetts, and Kentucky—triple sisters—may they ever be true to the family union. The leader of the band after a pause, with a thick tongue inquired, 'Who are you?' 'Clay and Burlingame,' said I. 'The h-l! you are,' said he in reply; and then, in an undertone addressed to his fellows, he concluded: 'Boys, it's not the girl in red!'

A SCHOOL GIRL'S LOVE.—There is both truth and poetry in the following lines, written by a school girl, and we may dare say that the recollection of those early dreams, so strangely different from the actual experience of life, are still the most pleasant of all memories. There is no sunshine like that of childhood. It gleams through all the clouds of disappointment, and smiles upon us till the river of life mingles with the ocean of eternity.

I could not get my lesson,
Wi' the book before my een
For the thoughts of Cammy Willie
Came a bobbins' in between.

A smooth-cheeked, long-faced, white-choked witness, on a cross-examination, on being asked in court what profession he was, nasally replied: 'I am a candle of the lord—an expounder of the Gospel. Of what denomination?' 'A Baptist,' replied the witness. 'Then,' said the lawyer, 'you are a dipped, but I trust not a wick-ed candle.'

Here goes—

The Soldier's Wife

A THRILLING SKETCH.

One of the most striking cases of presence of mind and self-possession of which we have any recollection, came to light on a trial which took place some years since in Ireland. The story looks like a fiction, but we have reason to believe it true. A woman traveling along the road to join her husband, who was a soldier, quartered at Athlone, was joined by a pedlar, who was going the same way. They entered into conversation during a walk of some hours; but as the day began to wane, they agreed that they should stop for a night at a house of entertainments, and pursue their journey the next day. They reached a lonely inn, situated in a lonely spot by the roadside, and fatigued after a long day's walk, they were glad to find themselves under the shelter of a roof.—Having refreshed themselves with a substantial supper set before them, they expressed a wish to retire. They were shown into the traveler's room, and went to rest in their respective beds. The pedlar, before retiring had called the landlord aside and given into his keeping the pack, which he had unstrapped from his back till the morning, telling him that it contained a considerable sum of money and much valued property. They were not long in bed before the pedlar fell into a sound sleep, but the poor woman, perhaps from over fatigue, or from thoughts of meeting with her husband the next day lay awake. A couple of hours might have passed, when she saw the door slowly opened, and a person entered holding a light, which he screened with hand. She instantly recognized in him one of the young men she had seen below—son of the landlord.

He advanced with stealthy steps to the bedside of the pedlar, and watched him for a few moments. He went out and entered again with his father and another brother, who held in his hand a large pewter basin. They went on tiptoe to the bedside where the pedlar lay in a deep sleep. One of the young men drew out a knife, and while the father held the basin so as to catch the blood, he cut the poor victim's throat from ear to ear. A slight half audible groan, and all was still, save the cautious movements of the party engaged in the fatal deed. They had bro't in with them a large sack, into which they quickly thrust the unresisting body. The poor woman lay silently in her bed, fearing her turn would come next. She heard low muttering among the men, from whom she gathered that they were debating whether they should murder her too, as they feared she might have in her power to betray them.

One of them said he was sure she was fast asleep, and that there was no occasion to trouble themselves more, but to make sure of this being the case, one of them came to the bedside with a candle in his hand, and the other with a knife. She kept her eyes closed as in sleep, and had such command over herself as not to betray in her countenance any sign that she was conscious of what was going on. The candle was placed close to her eyes, the knife was drawn across close to her throat; she never winked or showed by any movement of feature or limb, that she apprehended danger.—So the men whispered that she was sound asleep—that nothing was to be feared from her, and they went out of the room removing the sack which contained the body of the murdered man. How long must that night of horror have seemed to that poor lone woman—how frightful was its stillness and darkness.

The presence of mind which had so astonishingly enabled her to act her part to which she owed her life, sustained her through all the trying scenes which she had yet to pass.

She did not hurry from the room at an unreasonable hour, but waited until she heard all the family astir; she then went down and said she believed she had overslept herself in consequence of being greatly tired. She asked where the pedlar was, and was told that he was in too great a hurry to wait for her, but that he had left a sixpence to pay for her breakfast.—She sat down composed to that meal, and forced herself to partake with apparent appetite of the food set before her. She appeared unconscious of the eyes which with deep scrutiny were fixed upon her. When the meal was over, she took leave of the family, and went on her way with out the least appearance of discomposure or mistrust. She had proceeded but a short way when she was joined by two strapping looking women. One look was sufficient to convince her that they were the two young men, and one thought to assure her that she was yet in their power. They walked by her side, entered into conversation, asked her where she was going, and told her that their road lay the same way; they questioned her as to where she had been lodged the night before, and made most minute inquiries about the families inhabiting the house of entertainments. Her answers were quite embarrassed, and she said the people of the house had appeared to be decent and civil, and treated her very well. For two hours the young men continued by her side, conversing with her, and watching

with the most scrutinizing gaze any change in her countenance, and asking questions, which, had she not been fully possessed, might have put her off her guard.

It was not until her dreaded companions had left her, and until she saw her husband coming along the road to meet her, that she lost her self-command which she so successfully exercised, and throwing herself into his arms, she fainted away.

A POLITE JUDGE.—Governor Ford, of Illinois, tells an anecdote of one of the early judges of that State, but the Governor does not put upon record the name of the considerate magistrate:

At the court over which this judge presided, a man by the name of Green was convicted of murder, and the judge was obliged to pass sentence of death upon the culprit. Calling on the prisoner to rise, the judge said: "Mr. Green, the jury say you are to be hung. I want you and all your friends down on Indian Creek to know that it is not I that condemn you, it is the jury and the law. Mr. Green, at what time, sir, would you like to be hung? The law allows you time for preparation."

The prisoner replied, "May it please your honor, I am ready at any time; those who kill the body have no power to kill the soul. My preparation is made, and you can fix the time to suit yourself; it is all the same to me, sir!"

"Mr. Green," returned the judge, "it is a very serious matter to be hung. It can't happen to a man but once in his life, unless the rope should break before the neck is broke and you had better take all the time you can get. Mr. Clerk, since it makes no difference to Mr. Green, when he is hung, just look into the Almanac and see whether this day four weeks comes on Sunday."

The clerk looked as directed, and reported that the day four weeks came on Thursday.

"Then," said the Judge, "Mr. Green, if you please, you will be hung this day four weeks at 12 o'clock."

The Attorney General, James Turney, Esq., here interposed and said:

"May it please the Court, on occasions of this sort it is usual for the Court to pronounce a formal sentence; to remind the prisoner of his perilous condition, to reprove him for his guilt, and to warn him against the judgement in the world to come."

"Oh, Mr. Turney," said the judge, "Mr. Green understands the whole matter; he knows he has got to be hung. You understand it, Mr. Green, don't you?"

"Certainly," said the prisoner.

"Mr. Sheriff, adjourn the court."

Four weeks from that day Mr. Green was hung, but not so much to his own satisfaction as his appearance promised on the day of his conviction.

'Arrows shot from Cupid's bow must have pierced the heart of the writer of the following lines on feminine loveliness:

"A pretty woman is one of the institutions of the country, an angel in dry goods and glory. She makes sunshine, blue sky, fourth of July, and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfumes and beauty. She is a sweet poem, written in rare curls, and choice calico, and good principles. Men stand up before her as so many admiration points, to melt into cream and then butter. Her words float round the ear like music, birds of Paradise, or the chimes of Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attraction, the church its firmest reliance, and young men the very best of comforts and company. Her influence and generosity restrain the vicious, strengthen the faint-hearted.—Wherever you find the virtuous woman, you also find fireside bouquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle heart, music, light and model institutions generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus in dimity, and her inspiration is the breath of Heaven."

WHEN GROC MAY BE TAKEN MEDICINALLY.—After goose, or duck, or pork, or Irish stew, or any other delicacy of the season into which onions may have seasonably entered.

Invariably after salmon.

When there is any washing being done at home.

When the painters are in the house.

When a person feels faint and doesn't know what is the matter with him.

When a friend turns up after an absence of several years, or when you are parting with a friend you do not expect to see for several years.

When a person has the toothache.

When a person has lost at cards, or when a person has come into a large property.

When a person has met with a great misfortune, or made a tremendous bargain.

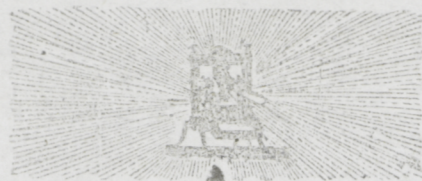
When a person has quarrelled and when a reconciliation has taken place.

When a person is riding outside a stage-coach, or is on a sea voyage, or goes out between the acts of a five-act tragedy, or before ascending in a balloon, or after coming off the jury of a coroner's inquest, or when you are sitting up for your wife, or when a friend drops in to smoke a cigar; and, in fact, upon all suitable occasions of sadness or merriment, when a person feels in very high spirits.

Terms of Advertising.

For 12 lines or less, 1st insertion, - \$10 00
For each subsequent insertion, - 14 00
For half column 6 months, - 14 00
" " " 12 months, - 18 00
For whole column 6 months, - 18 00
" " " 12 months, - 25 00
A liberal deduction made for yearly advertisements. When the number of times for continuing an advertisement is not specified, it will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

THE POST.



LEBANON, KY.,

Wednesday Morning, Jan. 21, 1857.

McCARTY of the *Gazette*, thinks we are too premature in putting forth the name of Dr. Palmer as a gentleman worthy to represent this District in Congress. The mere fact of our mentioning the Dr. in this connection, cannot be construed into an advocacy of him to the exclusion of all others. On the contrary, our friend of the *Gazette* does not appear to be more politic in the present instance, than our self, for, while gently chiding us, he very eloquently advocates the claims of Hon. J. H. Jewett to re-election.

As to the prematurity of our article, Mac seems to be too young a Democrat to keep always in mind the time-honored motto of his adopted party—"Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty." The party proved victorious in the last hotly contested canvass, and the only way we can hold our vantage ground, is to keep the ball in motion.

Messrs. Jewett, Hooe, Smedley, and other gentlemen of like worth in our party, have our highest appreciation; nor would we do ought to prevent their swift and merited advancement to distinction and honors. Each and every one of them are, we firmly believe, worthy of the confidence of our party, in every respect. Yet we surely cannot be held culpable for dragging, as it were, a gentleman of equal merit, from his voluntary hermitage, and demanding of his peers at least an investigation of his true merits. This is all we ask, nothing more.

T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, is about to publish "*Love After Marriage*," and thirteen other choice Novels, of the heart, by the late lamented Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. This work will be put up in one large duodecimo volume, bound in cloth, for one dollar and twenty-five cents; or in two volumes, paper cover for one dollar. Copies of either work will be sent to any part of the United States, free of postage, on remitting the price of the edition desired, to the publisher in a letter. The well-deserved popularity of the writings of this lady bespeaks a ready sale of this work. Send on your orders.

Now that we have commenced a new volume of the *Post*, we think our Democratic friends might exert themselves to get us an enlarged subscription list. Whilst we notice acknowledgments in our cotemporaries, of the reception of handsome clubs, we are unable, as yet to indicate a single one of those agreeable paragraphs. We hope our friends will bestir themselves in our behalf. We hope this hint will be all sufficient.

Last Sunday night and Monday morning was the coldest by twenty degrees of any weather this season, and some three or four degrees colder than any of last winter. We have always had a very comfortable office room—but last Monday got us down. We had a fire very early—stove red hot for three consecutive hours—yet water would freeze in the office eleven feet from it. Our hands couldn't work till some time in the evening, and then with but little comfort.

The suffering of the poorer classes in Louisville is intense this cold season. Coal is very scarce, and prices very high, as is the case with all other articles necessary for their comfort. The charity societies and committees have their hands full, and we hope they will discharge their duty faithfully.

We are in reception of God's *Lady's Book* for February. It is a most exquisite number, and is a strong evidence of the proprietor's indomitable enterprise. The plates are numerous and most exquisite. Now is the time to subscribe, as the present volume commenced with the January number; and those who wish it, will not certainly object to handing us \$4 for this invaluable periodical and the *Post*, the price for the former being \$3.

AFRAY.—A street fight took place on Monday in Paducah, between John Hewett and a Mr. Davis, in which four shots with revolvers, were fired on each side. Hewett was severely though not dangerously wounded, by two of Davis' shots, one ball taking effect in the side, and another in the wrist. This is the second street fight which has occurred in that place in ten days. The Paducahians should subside their sanguinary propensities.

A HARD CASE.—A Committee of the Ohio Legislature are investigating a case in which it is charged that a convict has been deprived of his sight by the ignorance or recklessness of the penitentiary physician. It seems the physician operated upon one of his eyes and put it out. The convict refused then to allow another operation, but the doctor insisted, and now the man is stone blind. He has been in the penitentiary over his time because the warden and directors do not know what to do with him. Such a case certainly demands strict investigation.

AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.—We learn from "*Porter's Spirit*" that Mr. Tenbrook's horses now in England, are much out of fix. It is stated that Leconte has let down in his fore legs, and Prioresse is afflicted with string halt. It is possible the latter may recover. The renowned mare Fashion was once similarly affected, and made afterwards some of her most brilliant races. Prior, the remaining horse is doing well, and it is probable on him will devolve entirely the task of sustaining the reputation of the American turf in England.

VERY NEAR A GREAT MAN.—Bayard Taylor has visited Humboldt, and as he left his house he passed Prince Ypsalanti. So he says in a letter to the New York Tribune, and also informs us that Humboldt is sorry that Fremont was not elected President of the United States, and Bayard Taylor Vice President, we suppose.

The snow in these parts is some eight or nine inches deep, and is in excellent order for sleighing, only the weather is a little too cold and the wind too piercing; yet they will turn out—and in some instances, "clean, clear out."

THE SWISS AMONG US.—Some excitement is said to prevail among the Swiss population in Washington, D. C., caused by the position of Prussia and Switzerland. No definite organization has been effected, but it is said to be their intention to organize upon receiving information of any overt act on the part of Prussia and provide means to aid their native land.

The *Bardstown Gazette*, in copying our article on the next Congressional race, &c., in our issue of Dec. 17th—makes the following comments:

It seems to us rather premature at this time to open the question of the next congressional race—(the election being some seven months off)—but we understand that the aspirants are already showing their heads in various portions of the district, and some of them are securing commitments wherever they can. The editor of the *Post* is no doubt aware of this state of affairs, and hence has determined to commence with the beginning.

The gentleman who seems to be the choice of the *Post* we have known all our life, and we freely indorse all our friend Jack says of him. Should he receive the nomination, (in case a convention is found necessary,) we shall give him a cordial support. The same we can say of Magoffin, Smedley, Hooe, Graves, Barbour, Read, and others who are spoken of in connection with the contest. But, we would the friends of the aspirants, is it not time enough yet to consider this matter? Will there not be sufficient time, after the adjournment of the present congress, to look about us for a representative to the next one? Would it not be well to wait until our present able and energetic representative had completed his term of service and returned to give an account of his stewardship, before we proceed to choose a successor to him? Had we not as well wait until Mr. Jewett vacates his seat, before we select an occupant for it?

From all we can see and learn there will next summer be a larger list of aspirants to choose a candidate from than there was two summers ago. Then the contest was a doubtful one; the politics of the district was unknown; the enemy was one that had never been defeated, and which boasted the title of "the invincible invader." All knew that a desperate fight had to be made; no one could tell how it would end—and few there were to make the venture.

Now the thing is quite different. The battle having been decided in our favor, and the district being undoubtedly and strongly democratic, there is no risk in the race—and many there are who want to run!

MRS. IN PANTS.—As officer Carr was last night standing in the Confectionary at the corner of Third and Race streets, says the Cincinnati Commercial, two gentlemen entered; one of them approached the stove and placed his foot upon the ledge to warm it. The officer observed that it was a small and pretty foot, but it was covered with a lady's boot! This led to an inspection of the face, also very pretty, but without a sign of beard, present or to come—in short the gentleman was a lady in pants. With her friend she was conveyed weeping to the Station House. The male gentleman left a splendid gold watch as security for the future appearance of the female gentleman. He said his companion was a lady of good reputation, that she resided in Covington, and had donned her masculine attire for a merry trip across on the ice to the Cincinnati side and back. He was so gallant as to press her to take some refreshments, and her arrest was the consequence.

From Nicaragua.

The Boletín Oficial of Costa Rica publishes some details of Nicaraguan affairs, which, though not the latest, present some interest. The following is from it:

Private letters state that the Indians on the Island of Ometepe had risen against Walker, and killed fifteen of his men. General Fry had to make his escape in a canoe. The Indians had taken to the woods, having no more ammunition. Walker with 150 men, had attempted to retake Granada, from the lake, but had failed in his attempt.

News from Rivas is to December 5th. Walker with 400 men arrived at St. Jorje, one league from Rivas, and prepared to attack the Division under General Capas. Walker, in one of the lake steamers, was constantly on the move between Virgin Bay Ometepe and Granada. According to the most reliable accounts, the forces of Walker consisted of 160 men in Virgin Bay, 40 men in a hotel near San Juan, 150 in the steamers, 50 guarding 300 wounded and sick in Ometepe. This force, with 250 lost in Masaya, and 550 in Granada, constitutes all his force, not reckoning those at Castillo or on the river.

On the 1st of December, 200 men remained benumbed in the ruins of the church of Guadalupe in Granada, who fought with desperation, and were without water, and had to subsist on their horses. They obstinately refused quarter, though offered to them by Gen. Belloso.

Of the crew of the *Oncé de Abril*, only forty-eight reached San Juan alive, five died next day, and thirty were sent prisoners to Virgin Bay. Of the crew of San Jose, 18 out of 33 were either killed or wounded.

Walker's forces are said to be very badly off, having nothing but a little beef (without even salt) to eat; in consequence many are dying of dysentery and other complaints of the climate.

The President of Costa Rica has issued the following manifesto:

The campaign recently interrupted having re-commenced against the foreign usurpers of Nicaragua,

I DECLARE:

ARTICLE 1. The port of San Juan del Sur is under blockade from this date.

ART. 2. The navigation of the river San Juan del Norte is prohibited to every class of vessels as long as hostilities shall last against the invaders of Central America.

ART. 3. The steamers which navigate the river San Juan, being actually at the absolute disposal of the filibuster William Walker, and being his most active auxiliaries, will be taken and destroyed at every opportunity.

ART. 4. The officers and troops of the Republic will carry into effect this declaration, using whatever measures they may have at their disposal. Communicate this to whomsoever it concerns, and to Ministers and Agents, both foreign and national.

Given at San Jose, National Palace, Nov. 1, 1856.

JUAN R. MORA,

President of Republic of Costa Rica.
Rafael G. Escalante, Minister of War and Marine.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF GOV. WILLARD.—A brilliant assemblage was in attendance at the Capitol yesterday, to witness the inauguration and listen to the address of Gov. Willard. Senators, Representatives, and other officials of the State, distinguished strangers from abroad, and a large concourse of ladies and gentlemen graced the scene. The oath of office was administered by Hon. Judge Perkins, of the Supreme Court, after which, in his clear and ringing voice and in his emphatic and forcible manner, Gov. Willard read his address.

The Governor alluded to but few topics but those were familiar to and of high interest to all. The prohibitory liquor law of 1855; Know-Nothingism, as identified and developed in political action; the organized violence on election days, and the necessity of preserving the purity of the ballot-box and the sovereign rights of the people of the Territories, with the expressed sentiment of Indiana thereon, were the subjects of the address, and most ably and boldly were they discussed. We predict for the address a marked sensation and influence wherever it is read. Upon all these questions it takes high grounds, and the views and sentiments advanced therein, will meet with the cordial approval of every enlightened and patriotic citizen.—*Ind. State Sentinel*.

NEWS FROM NICARAGUA.—The news from Nicaragua by the way of N. O., published in our telegraphic columns is very interesting. It seems that the Costa Ricans have seized the steamboats on San Juan river, and that this is the only mode of transit; all communication has been stopped. It is also stated that Walker is making his way down San Juan river, scattering all before him, probably to open that communication which can alone bring reinforcement to his aid.

That the English fleet in the Bay of San Juan took part with the Costa Ricans, is a fabrication for the purpose of creating sympathy in this country.

So far as we can judge from the meagre intelligence, Walker's position has not improved. He is still in a perilous and we think hopeless situation.

Louisville Courier.

Twelve car loads of coal were sent from Evansville, Ind., on Wednesday to Cincinnati, two of the number to be distributed among the poor. The Evansville Journal says this coal, sent 300 miles over several different railroads will be sold at half the price coal has been bringing in Cincinnati, and yet pay a handsome profit.

We clip the following from an exchange "Among the celebrities of New York is E. P. Christy, the negro minstrel, who, having made a princely fortune out of burnt cork and Ethiopian melodies, now lives the life of a wealthy and fashionable New Yorker. He recently made a great dash in the streets with a magnificent sleigh, which attracted much attention, from its splendor and the beauty of the prancing stud of snow white horses to which it was attached. In the summer he drives out in an elegant carriage behind two splendid bays, with a fine, large coach dog running under the carriage. He is quite a connoisseur in horse flesh, and in driving out alternates between his bay and white horses. In his promenade he is accompanied by a large bull-terrier, a splendid specimen of the canine race. His wealth is prodigious, and, as he has been economical and laborious while earning it, he feels authorized to spend it freely. He may be frequently seen in the dress circle of the Italian opera, and is always the observed of all observers.

STRONG MINDED FEMALES.—Some of the female sex of strong-minded species together with a sprinkling of male sympathizers, have been holding a convention at Canastota, New York, to consider the expediency of agitating a reform in the existing fashion of dress for ladies. Resolutions excepting to the prevailing mode of various grounds were adopted, and the Bloomer costume received countenance, not only theoretically but practically, at the hands of many of the attendants at the convention.

ANOTHER SHOOTING AFFRAY.—A difficulty occurred between two of our citizens last Wednesday, near the post-office, which resulted in one of them being shot in the left arm and side, with small shot, discharged from a large holster pistol.—The one who was shot, by some means, got possession of the pistol, and fractured the skull of the other by striking him on the head with the butt-end of it. The one who got shot with the butt-end of the pistol fared the worst. Both are recovering from their hurts.—*Bardstown Gazette*.

An Irish woman gave birth to a child on a steamboat at the levee, right before last, which was not only perfectly developed and well formed, but it actually had two teeth. A modern Richard and precocious infant.—*Low. Cou.*

There is a vast deal of distress and suffering in our city at this time—more probably than at any former period—and in many instances among a class of people who are reluctant to make their wants known.—*Low. Cou.*

Obituary.

From the Presbyterian Herald.

Mrs. FANNY FLESCHE MOORE was born at Lebanon, Ky., January 8, 1834; became a member of the Presbyterian church in 1849; was married to Mr. Charles Moore in April, 1855, and departed this life at the residence of her father-in-law, Mr. Lawson Moore, December 29, 1856.

Had it been designed to create a deep and mournful chasm in a family circle, to lacerate the hearts of loving friends, and to take from society and the church one of their brightest ornaments, more fitting means could scarce have been selected, than were found in the death of this truly excellent young person. Verily God's judgments are unsearchable, and His ways past finding out. In her person our young friend was exceedingly beautiful. She had a cultivated mind, a clear and solid judgment; her affections were pure and ardent; her friendships, like the sunlight, were not exhausted by conferring daily benefits, but still were ever giving, and yet ever burned the same. In religion she was humble and sincere, firm and faithful, devoted and active. She was the only daughter of idolizing parents, the young wife of an affectionate husband, and the daily solace of an aged and infirm father-in-law, who took great comfort in this new daughter. 'O! sir,' said he, and the tears of sorrow bedewed his aged cheeks, 'you cannot know how kind and good she was; she had gained the love of every creature on the place; I never loved child of my own more tenderly than her.' Thank God, though her death hath left many hearts bleeding, hers is the blessedness of the dead that die in the Lord. To a broken-hearted mother who informed her that her end was nigh, and inquired if she felt prepared for the great event, her answer was 'My dearest mother, when God calls me, I am ready to go.' Then turning to her husband and his father, she desired them to sit near her, while she most earnestly directed them to the Savior of men for comfort and religion, and ceased not to press on them the great salvation, till she extorted from each the solemn engagement to do his utmost to meet her in heaven. God grant they may never forget a vow so important and so solemn, till through the grace of Jesus they meet her once more above.

"Thus lived, thus died she; never more on her shall sorrow light."
"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."
M.

MAN BEATEN TO DEATH.—The Memphis Appeal learns from a passenger on board the Edinburgh, that the second mate of that steamer beat a deck passenger so unmercifully on Saturday last a week ago, when between Natchez and Vicksburg, that he died of his wounds, and was buried on the same day. The passenger was a man between twenty-five and thirty years of age; he got on board the boat at Natchez in an inebriated state, and having no money to pay his passage, he was set to working. Not working as fast or as hard as the mate thought he should, he knocked him down and beat him most unmercifully.

GRAHAM'S Illustrated Magazine.

The Fiftieth Volume commences with the next January number. Watson & Co., the new publishers of this Magazine, announce to their patrons and the public generally that it is their intention to make use of all the immense resources at their command to produce a *First Class Magazine*. To this end no expense or exertion will be spared.

Every number will contain two fine Steel Engravings. Fine Wood Engravings will illustrate many of the articles published in each number.

The Ladies' Work Table.—Under this head they will present, in each number, a great variety of Useful and Ornamental Designs and Patterns for Crochet and Needle Work, with full directions for working, when necessary.

The Fashion Department of this Magazine will be fully equal and in some respects superior to that of any other Magazine published.

The Literary contents will combine all that is useful, instructive, and entertaining, consisting in part of Historical Romances, Sketches of Travel, Tales of society, Translations, Gems of Poetry, Interesting Extracts from New Works, Criticisms, Fairy Tales, Tales of the Wonderful, and many other works of interest.

The Twelve numbers of this Magazine for 1857 will comprise one of the most magnificent volumes ever issued, containing in all twelve hundred pages of Reading matter, one hundred fine wood engravings, twelve handsome steel engravings, twelve beautiful colored Fashion Plates, one hundred engravings of Ladies' and Children's dresses, fifty comic illustrations, and over three hundred patterns of Needlework, &c.

TERMS: One copy one year, \$3; two copies, \$5; five copies, (and one to get up of club,) \$10; eleven copies, (and one to agent,) \$20.

Send in your subscriptions early to

WATSON & CO.,

50 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

EXTRA NOTICE.—Subscribers sending three dollars for one year's subscription to "Graham," will receive a copy of *Graham's Ladies' Paper* for one year without charge.

Dissolution.

THE firm of WILSON & HEADY was dissolved on the 27th ult. M. P. Heady withdrawing from the concern. All persons indebted to them will please call without delay and liquidate their indebtedness. Those having claims against the firm will present them immediately for settlement. The books will be found at the old stand on Market between First and Second streets, where one or both may be found.
J. WOOD WILSON,
M. P. HEADY.

In retiring from the late firm of Wilson & Heady, I recommend my late partner, Mr. Wilson, and his present associate, Mr. Shallcross, to my friends.
M. P. HEADY.

J. WOOD WILSON has associated with him in the Grocery, Produce, Forwarding and Commission business, Mr. S. H. SHALLCROSS, and will continue the same at the old stand, No. 553, Market street, between First and Second, Louisville Ky. The style of the firm will be WILSON & SHALLCROSS.
Jan. 31, 1857—tr

Look at This.

Information will be sent free of charge to any respectable person, either male or female, how to make from \$15 to \$50 per month. It requires no capital to carry it on, neither will it interfere with any other business a person may be engaged in. For full particulars enclose a three cent stamp, to pay return postage, and send your name and address to

H. A. SANDERS,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Jan'y. 21, 1857—2t.

NEW

Dry Goods & Grocery Store.
THE UNDERSIGNED ARE NOW RECEIVING AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK OF GOODS, consisting of

STAPLE DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES, BOOTS & SHOES, assorted, Hardware and Queensware—in a word, a general assortment of such goods as are usually kept in our market, all of which we will sell cheap for cash.
J. B. & W. W. WATHEN.
Dec. 10, '56—tr

THE GREAT FAMILY WEEKLY PAPER!

The New York Ledger.

AS NOW ATTAINED THE EXTRAORDINARY circulation of one hundred and ninety thousand copies. The Ledger is devoted to Polite Literature, Original Tales, Sketches, Poetry, Essays, Gossip, and current news, and maintains a high moral tone. It is everywhere acknowledged to be the best family paper in the world. Hence its extraordinary and unheard of popularity. Mr. Bonner, the Proprietor of the Ledger, employs the best talent in the country, and by so doing, makes the best paper. Such writers as Fanny Fern, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and Emerson Bennett, are permanently engaged on it, and will write for no other paper hereafter. Mrs. Sigourney, also, constantly writes for it; so do a host of other popular authors, including Miss Emma D. E. N. Southworth, Alice Cary, Mrs. Vaughan, Mary W. Stany Gibson, Clara Sydney, &c., &c. The Ledger is beautifully illustrated every week.

The New York Ledger is printed on beautiful white paper, and is composed of eight pages, making the handsomest weekly paper in the country. It is published every Saturday, and sold at all the news offices in every city and town throughout the country; and is mailed for subscribers at two dollars per annum; two copies are sent for three dollars. Any person obtaining eight subscribers at \$1.50 each, which is our lowest club rate, and sending us \$12, will be entitled to one copy free. Terms invariably in advance. Address all Letters to

ROBERT BONNER,
Publisher of New York Ledger,
41 Ann Street, New York.

N. B. Now is a good time to subscribe, as Emerson Bennett's great Original Novel of FRONTIER LIFE, will be commenced in the Ledger on the first of January.

Dec. 17—4t.

Lady's Paper,

Devoted exclusively to the Wants of the Ladies of America.

TERMS: Single copies, 50 cents; five copies, \$2; fourteen copies, and one sent to get up of club, for \$25; always payable in advance.

Graham's Ladies' Paper, published monthly, a miscellany of Fashion, Romance, Tales, and General Literature; the Ladies' Companion to Graham's Illustrated Magazine; Charles G. Leland, Editor.

The size of the paper will be eight large pages of four columns each, especially adapted to binding.

The contents will be of a varied and interesting character, embracing a good selection of Tales and Romances, by the most popular writers.

A handsome plate of the Fashions will be published in each number, accompanied with engravings of Mantillas, Shawls, Bonnets, Children's Dresses, &c., Crochet and Needlework, with plain and minute instructions for working.

Address
WATSON & Co., Proprietors,
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HAVE YOU SUBSCRIBED IN THE

Cosmopolitan Art Association
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SEE THE RARE INDUCEMENTS!!

THE MANAGEMENT have the pleasure of announcing that the collection of Works of Art designed for distribution among the subscribers, whose names are received previous to the 28th of January, 1857, is much larger and more costly than on any previous year. Among the leading works in Sculpture—executed in the finest marble—is the new and beautiful Statue of the "WOOD NYMPH," the busts of the three great American Statesmen, CLAY, WEBSTER, & CALHOUN, also the exquisite ideal bust, "SPRING," APOLLO and DIANA, in marble, life size, together with the following Groups and Statues in Carrara Marble—of the

Struggle for the Heart,
Venus and Apple, *Psyche*,
Magdalen, *Child of the Sea*,
Innocence, *Captive Bird*, and
Little Truant.

With numerous works in Bronze, and a collection of several hundred Fine Oil Paintings, by leading artists.

The whole of which are to be distributed or allotted among the subscribers whose names are received previous to the 28th of January, 1857, when the distribution will take place.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Every subscriber of three dollars is entitled to a copy of the splendid Steel Engraving, "Saturday Night," or a copy of any of the following \$3 Magazines one year; also a copy of the Art Journal one year, and a Ticket in the Annual Distribution of the Works of Art.

Thus, for every \$3 paid, a person not only gets a beautiful Engraving or Magazine one year, but also receive the Art Journal one year, and a Ticket in the Annual Distribution, making four dollars worth of reading matter besides the ticket, by which a valuable painting or piece of statuary may be received in addition.

Those who prefer Magazines to the Engraving "Saturday Night," can have either of the following one year: Harper's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, United States Magazine, Knickerbocker Magazine, Blackwood Magazine, Southern Literary Messenger.

No person is restricted to a single share. Those taking five memberships, remitting \$15, are entitled to six Engravings, and to six tickets in the distribution, or any five of the Magazines one year, and six tickets.

Persons, in remitting funds for membership, will please register the letter at the post-office, to prevent loss; on receipt of which, a certificate of Membership, together with the Engraving or Magazine desired, will be forwarded to any part of the country.

For further particulars, see the November Art Journal, sent free on application. For membership address

C. L. DERBY, Actuary C. A. A.
348 Broadway, New York, or Western Office, 166 Water Street, Sandusky, Ohio.

Three Houses and Lots FOR SALE IN LEBANON, KY.

THE undersigned wishes to sell THREE HOUSES and LOTS, to-wit: One large Brick House, two stories high, with a small two-story frame attached, containing nine or ten rooms, good well and cistern. Also one Brick Cottage, on Main street, containing seven rooms. Half-acre of ground attached to each. Both handsome family residences. Also one small frame house, on Buck street, near the new Presbyterian Church, suitable for a small family. I will sell one or all of the houses at private sale if application is made between now and the 1st day of March, 1857.

Lebanon is one of the most healthy and thriving inland towns in Kentucky, and will soon be the terminus of a Branch of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

TERMS.—One fourth, cash in hand; the balance in one and two years, with interest from date. For further particulars address

Dec. 3—3m
B. EDMONDS,
171 Louisville Weekly Journal and Presbyterian Herald insert to the amount of three dollars each, and send bill to advertiser.

Land for Sale!

140 ACRES of Land, lying in Marion County, on the Raywick and Bardstown Road, about two and a half miles from Raywick, and about the same distance from the Depot of the Lebanon Branch Railroad. It is the farm formerly known as the "Old Beant Thompson Farm."

For further information apply to me, six miles north-east of Lebanon.

Nov. 19—4t
JAMES ADAMS.

THURLEY, THOMAS A., Druggist and Apothecary, and Manufacturer of Hurley's Sarsaparilla, North-west corner Seventh and Green streets, Louisville, Ky.

Oct. 31—4t

Scissoring.

A MARVELOUS STORY.—The Rockport (N. Y.) Republic has the following, which comes under the head of "marvelous, if true."

About three years ago, a girl was walking on the beach of the lake, north of this place, with a young man to whom she related a wonderful dream of the previous night, in which it was revealed to her that she should find a large sum of money upon the shore. The young man was to have half for assisting her in the search. Directly they came to a dead body, which from its appearance, and the size of the head (nearly as large as a bushel basket) had evidently been in the water for some time.

At the sight, they both fainted away, but soon recovered, and venturing to examine it, discovered about it a belt containing a large package of money in bills; this they counted and found the amount as stated.

They buried the body to prevent discovery, and also the money, which they agreed not to disturb for three weeks. At the expiration of the time, the young man returned to the place; the money was missing. His companion acknowledged she had taken it, and would take care of it until he was twenty, which would be in three years.

As the time has expired, he demands his half, which she answers by denying the whole statement. The young man tells a friend, and it spreads like wildfire. Report says a large company of men, armed with spades and shovels, are to-day looking for the bones of the buried stranger. The excitement has been very much increased by the fact that a propeller was wrecked three years ago, and that a gentleman, supposed to be a Spaniard, a stranger to the passengers who were saved, was lost.

Some parties, formerly rather hard up, report says, have been very flush of late, speculating very largely in real estate and making a great slow generally.

LATER.—We just learn that bones answering to the fact of the burial, have been discovered in the woods about half a mile from the beach.

FANNY FERN ON DRESS.—It is my opinion, after all that is said, that women dress much more with an eye to their own sex, than to the other. What man, unless he be a dry goods merchant, knows whether a woman wears Honiton or cotton laces? What man else knows the value of the dainty pocket handkerchiefs with which the ladies ostentatiously polish their pretty noses? What man else knows, or cares to know, the value of the camel's hair shawl, spread so carefully over their shoulders? By the road—not one. But the delighted peacock possessor rejoices that every feminine eye which rests upon it, computes its value to a fraction. Yes—women dress much more for each other's eyes than men! I never knew a man whose opinion was worth asking, who did not prefer to see a pretty woman (and I imagine the most demure of 'em don't look long at other) unostentatiously and modestly dressed; and I never saw a pretty woman who did not look prettier in her plainest home dress than in her most elaborate adornments. But, alas! for plain home dresses—where are they? Where is the pretty de laine, and neat calico, none too good for little climbing feet (now fashion-banished)? Echo answers—where?

A NOVEL FIRE.—As officer Egan was walking yesterday upon Sixth street, he observed a little in advance of him a lady from whose ample skirts a vapor appeared issuing. The phenomenon riveted his attention, and he followed on, while soon the first filmy cloud became more dense, and while still wondering in speechless astonishment, a bright blaze burst forth from behind. Here was a climax requiring speedy and prompt action; the lady was on fire and must be put out, so dashing forward the officer seized her by the dress, and gathering the folds of that and the voluminous petticoat to bear upon the eruption, he smothered the conflagration without having recourse to the opposite element.

The lady after expressing her gratitude for the timely service, accounted for the fire, by stating that she had a short time previous been standing by a stove, and one of her hooped garments being of a light woolen fabric, it had become ignited. After escorting her to her residence in New street Egan again returned to his beat, a whole fire department within himself.—*Cin. Com.*

A DECIDED CURE.—The coming changes of weather render it incumbent on every person to protect their health, and no better remedy can be used both as curative and preventative than Hurley's Sarsaparilla.

Affections of the chest, bronchitis, or any derangement of the respiratory system is peculiarly benefited by its soothing influence, and in protracted cases of coughs, colds, or irritation about the throat or chest, decidedly the safest and most efficacious medicine that can be resorted to.—In this city it is extensively used with marked success.—*St. Louis Herald.*

A dandy negro entered a stationer's shop and with a consequential air inquired, "Hab you a few quires of letter paper, of de very best rate, for a gentleman to write lub letters on?" "Yes," was the reply, "how many will you have?" "I spose," said he, "my stay at the Spring may be about two or three weeks. Give me 'nough quires to write four letters."

Jealousy is said to be an evidence of love, but it is only the embodiment of selfishness, and often fed by wild passion than genuine affection.

WHAT THE WIND SAYS.—"Do you know what the December wind says, grandpa?" asked a little child at an old merchant's knee.

"No, Puss; what does it?" he answered, stroking her fair hair.

"Remember the poor!" grandpa, when it comes down the chimney, it roars, "Remember the poor;" when it puts its great mouth to the keyhole, it whistles, "Remember the poor;" when it strides through the crack in the door, it whispers it; and grandpa, when it blows your beautiful silver hair in the street, and you shiver and button up your coat, does it not get at your ear and say so too, in a still small voice, grandpa?"

"Why, what does the child mean?" cried grandpa, who, I am afraid, had been used to shut his heart against such words.—"You want a new muff and tippet, I reckon; a pretty way to get them out of your old grandfater."

"No, grandpa," said the child earnestly, shaking her head, "no; it's the no muff and button I'm thinking of; my mother always remembers them, and so do I try."

After the next storm, the old merchant sent fifty dollars to the treasurer of a relief Society, and said call for more when you want it. The treasurer stared with surprise, for it was the first time he had ever collected more than a dollar from him and that, he thought, came grudgingly.

"Why," said the rich and old merchant afterwards, "I could never get rid of that child's words; they stuck to me like glue."

"And a little child shall lead them," says the Scripture. How many a cold heart has melted, and a close heart opened by the simple earnestness and suggestive words of a child.

Home Remedies.

In another column of to-day's paper will be found the advertisement of L. H. NOBLE & Co. Their preparations are made among us and are known to be at least equal, if not superior to any others of similar kinds put up anywhere. The Chill and Fever Remedy has no superior, as can be satisfactorily shown by those who have been cured by it. The sale has been so great for the past few weeks, and the satisfaction it has given so general, that the proprietors will, in the course of a few coming weeks, send to different parts of the country one hundred dozen.

This remedy is not only safe and certain, but by its combining in just proportions the properties of a Tonic and Anti-Peptic, Cathartic, and Diaphoretic; it needs no other medicine to accompany it; and besides it leaves the system free in a great measure, from the usual tendency to a return of the disease.

The Sarsaparilla is the official preparation, made after the formula of the United States Dispensary, and contains only the pure and fresh Honduras Root. It is recommended by our Physicians as superior to any other in the market. Its rapid sale among us, to those who know its qualities and the manner of its preparation would seem to be its best recommendation.

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These preparations are not Patent Medicines. There is no secret about them. The public can see the formula by which they are prepared, and any respectable Physician can have the same by application to the proprietors in person or by letter.

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The Scientific American.
TWELFTH YEAR!

One Thousand Dollar Cash Prizes!
The Twelfth Annual Volume of this useful publication commences on the 13th day of September next.

The *Scientific American* is an illustrated periodical, devoted chiefly to the promulgation of information relating to the various Mechanic and Chemist Arts, Industrial Manufactures, Agriculture, Patents, Inventions, Engineering, Millwork, and all interests which the light of practical science is calculated to advance.

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\$1000—in cash prizes—will be paid on the 1st of January next, for the largest list of subscribers, as follows: \$200 for the 1st; \$175 for the 2nd; \$150 for the 3d; \$125 for the 4th; \$100 for the 5th; \$75 for the 6th; \$50 for the 7th; \$40 for the 8th; \$30 for the 9th; \$25 for the 10th; \$20 for the 11th; and \$10 for the 12th. For all clubs of 20 and upwards, the subscription price is only \$1 40. Names can be sent from any Post-office until January 1st, 1857. Here are fine chances to secure cash prizes.

The *Scientific American* is published once a week; every number contains eight large quarto pages, forming annually a complete and splendid volume, illustrated with several hundred original engravings.

TERMS:—Single subscriptions, \$2 a year, or \$1 for six months. Five copies, for six months, \$4; for a year, \$8. Specimen copies sent gratis.

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PROSPECTUS OF THE POST

Believing as we do, that the perpetuity, welfare, and prosperity of our beloved country have been jeopardized by the fanatics of the North; we, the undersigned, have come to the conclusion that our voice as a public journalist should be put forward in defense of those things hitherto held sacred by every one who breathed the free air of America; be they Catholic or Protestant; native born or foreign-born. The Constitution of the United States guarantees to every man, who, either is accidentally born within her limits, or swears eternally allegiance to her laws, protection, suffrage, and the right, (particularly,) to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Therefore, conceiving as we do, that the DEMOCRATIC PARTY, is the only one that advocates "Equal Rights to all, and exclusive privileges to none," we shall, in public, as we have heretofore in private, advocate and support the tenets of the Democratic Party. We have had it too often thrown in our teeth, when we wished to show up fully in its true color, that we were "neutral," and consequently had no right to say aught in regard to any political subject, either privately or publicly. We have got tired of this, and although the bustle and commotion of politics suits not our inclination; yet, under the exigencies of the case, we think it our imperative duty to publish a strictly

DEMOCRATIC PAPER.

Those who take our paper hereafter, shall never have the pleasure of saying to us that we have transcended the bounds of "neutrality," for we intend to have the privilege of saying what we please, and bearing as we do, the burden of TRUTH, we fear not the arrows of error. In thus throwing broadcast, the glorious old banner of Democracy, which we have been forced to do by inadvertent circumstances, which we will explain hereafter, we have only acted in self-defense; but of that, more anon.

Hereafter, our pen, humble and feeble though it be; will be dedicated to the Democratic principles, whilst at the same time, we will not forget to place before our readers each week, matter for their amusement, edification and instruction.

TERMS.—THE POST will be furnished to subscribers at \$2 00 per year, if paid in advance. When payment is delayed for six months, \$2 50 will be exacted, and when payments are delayed until the end of the year, \$3 00 will, in all cases, be exacted. Clubs of ten or more, however, will be taken at \$1 50 each, where the money accompanies the list.

W. W. JACK,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
LEBANON, KY., December 1st, 1855.

Scott's Weekly Paper.

The Publishers of this large and popular Family Journal offers for the coming year, (1854) a combination of Literary attractions heretofore unattempted by any of the Philadelphia Weeklies. Among the new features will be a new and brilliant series of Original Romances by George Lippard, entitled "Legends of the Last Century." All who have read Mr. Lippard's celebrated *Legends of the American Revolution* published for fifty-five consecutive weeks in the *Saturday Courier*, will find these pictures of French and American History endowed with all the power and brilliancy of his previous productions. The first of a series of Original Novellettes, called "Morris Hartley," or the Knights of the Mystic Valley, by Harrison W. Ainsworth, is about to be commenced. It will be handsomely illustrated with 12 fine engravings, and its startling incidents cannot fail to elicit undivided praise. Emerson Bennett, the distinguished Novelist, the favorite of the West, and the author of some of the finest productions ever read, is also engaged to furnish a brilliant Novellette to follow the above. Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison, author of *Home Pictures*, *Patience Worthington* and her *Grandmother*, &c., will contribute a splendid Domestic Novellette, entitled the "Old Ivy Grove," and H. C. Watson an illustrated Story called the "Two Edged Knife"—a graphic picture of Early Life in Old Kentucky. To these will be added Original Contributions and selections from Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Clara Clairville, Little Liberte, Grace Greenwood, and other distinguished writers; the news of the day, graphic editorials, full reports of the provision, money, and stock markets, letters from travelers at home and abroad, &c., &c.

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Lebanon, May 5.

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AND THE
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This work is being published in Semi-monthly Numbers, of 64 pages each, exclusive of the Steel engravings, and is sold at 25 cents each, or \$5 for the entire work in numbers, of which there will be at least twenty-two.

The British Periodicals Re-published are as follows, viz:

The London Quarterly Review (Conservative),
The Edinburgh Review (Whig),
The North British Review (Free-Church),
The Westminster Review (Liberal), and
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory).

Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their literary character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. Blackwood, still under the masterly guidance of Christopher North, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary notables, written for that magazine, and first appearing in its columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Caxtons" and "My New Novel," (both by Bulwer), "My Peninsular Medal," "The Green Hand," and other serials, of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers in this country, have to be reprinted by those publishers from the pages of Blackwood, AFTER IT HAS BEEN ISSUED BY MESSRS. SCOTT & CO., so that subscribers to the reprint of that Magazine may always rely on having the EARLIEST reading of these fascinating tales.

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Each number of the Magazine will contain 144 octavo pages, in double columns, once year comprising nearly two thousand pages of the choicest Miscellaneous Literature of the day. Every Number will contain numerous Pictorial Illustrations, accurate Plates of the Fashions, a copious Chronicle of Current Events, and impartial Notices of the important Books of the month. The volumes commence with the numbers for June and December; but Subscriptions may commence with any number.

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1856.

WEEKLY COURIER

Acknowledged by general consent to be the Largest, Best and Cheapest Newspaper in the West.

On the 1st of January, 1856, the Louisville Weekly Courier enters upon its Fourteenth Year, with increased facilities at our control to make it a First Class Family Paper, complete in its News, Literary, Commercial, Miscellaneous and Agricultural Departments.

During the year a number of Original Stories, written expressly for its columns, will be published.

Extra efforts will be made to increase its reputation as the best newspaper in the West; and we shall continue, by the agency of active special correspondents, to publish news by telegraph and the mails, in advance of all contemporaries.

Its commercial reports will be full, accurate and reliable.

In politics the Courier is Native-American-National Whig. It believes the period for naturalization should be extended; that the ballot box should be more carefully guarded; and that stringent laws should be enacted to prevent pauper and criminal emigration. But in Know-Nothingism it sees the most dangerous and subtle foe to Southern rights and interests, and will oppose it and its Abolitionism, its proscriptiveness, its intolerance, its corruption and its bigotry, earnestly and zealously. Its tone will be bold and independent, always approving the right and fearlessly condemning the wrong.

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